

my life began in 1964, when the beatles saw her  
standing there, yeah yeah yeah ...

i was standing in the shower, playing with myself  
as usual (and comfortably lubricated with  
an iridescent soap)

and then i saw her standing there, impeccably  
cockney in the boots of innocence and, only  
seventeen, the rictus of experience ...

i knew my long-suffering wife was in the other  
room, rehearsing for the christmas pageant.  
i knew my kids were in the other room, re-  
hearsing a dirge for their father's phallus  
(they planned to send it, lavishly beribbon-  
ed, out to sea upon a laurelled barge)

and what i wondered was -- what am i doing here???

and so i walked quite naked as a cauliflower from  
the shower and into the london of elizabethan  
extravagances,

wore my heart upon my sleeve and found it taken  
as the badge of a true befeater, picked up  
shills in piccadilly just to pinch my lily  
ass until the day that i was finally con-  
vinced i was again alive; when once my name  
was slatternly impugned by liz's premier  
courtier i ran the upstart through and had  
his beaver head impaled upon the royal t.v.  
antenna.

shortly thereafter i became the queen's lover.  
to everyone's amaze i demanded exclusive  
rights, to which she readily acquiesced.

i served her well in love and war; am best re-  
membered for a sequence of outrageously  
conceited sonnets.